

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

TRANSLATED FOR MODERN PERFORMANCE BY

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Stanford Classics in Theater

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

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THE ORIGINAL COMPANY

PLAYERS (IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)

Sarah Palin (2nd Amendment)

Ziggy

Jerry

Del O’Cleon

Phil O’Cleon

Mamma Grizzlies

Kid (Tea Party Supporter, 1st

Amendment)

Rabbit/Victim

Eagle (James Madison)

Glenn Bark (Thomas

Jefferson)

Baroof Obowow

Party Girl (21st Amendment)

Priest

Lawyer

Iraq War Veteran

Pianist

Lauren Jarvis

Allen Huang

Matt Simonton

Janani Balusabramanian

Jonathan McDermott

Carolyn MacDonald (leader)

Thea De Armond

Xenia Dmitrieva

Kate Kreindler

David Fifield

Minh Nguyen

James Kierstead

Hans Wietzke

Chris Chelberg

Jacqueline Montagne

David Driscoll

Jacob Kovacs-Goodman

Dima Brezhnev

Megan Daniels

THE ORIGINAL COMPANY

PRODUCTION

Director	Al Duncan
Producers	Carolyn MacDonald Alan Sheppard
Costumes	Lisa Lowe
Choreography	Nikita Vashi
Properties	Federica Carugati
Set Construction	Jacqueline Montagne Garen Arthur
Lighting	Dan-El Padilla Peralta
Photographer/Puppet Master	Sarah Murray
Program	Zachary Moull

THE WASPS

ACT I

[As the lights go up, Ziggy and Jerry, two aging hippies, are sitting in front of the house. Both appear to be dozing.]

ZIGGY

Hey, Jerry! Hey, you old sonofabitch, what're you doing?

JERRY

I'm teaching myself how to shorten a night watch. *[snores]*

ZIGGY

Did you make a bet with your ass it would get kicked? Don't you know what a bogus fiend we're guarding?

JERRY

I know, I know, yet I desire to take my repose.

ZIGGY

You go ahead and risk it, since there's a sweet cloud pouring down over my eyes, too.

JERRY

Hey, man, have you gone schizo? or been to an Indian smokehouse, maybe?

ZIGGY

No dude, but I *am* sleepy from a little chiefin'... *[Ziggy pulls out a joint and shows it to Jerry]*

JERRY

[revealing his own joint] Ah, the same chief's been to see me too. In fact a whole tribe just sent up smoke signals in my eyes. *[mock serious]* And I witnessed a truly trippy vision.

SCIT TRANSLATION

ZIGGY

Whoa, dude, me too! Like I'd never experienced before! But you go first.

JERRY

Yeah man, I saw this cloaked elephant-figure fly down onto the Washington Mall and snatch up a broomstick, with stars and stripes stitched onto it, and flutter off towards the sky. And then man, you won't believe this, the cloak fell away and it wasn't an elephant at all. It was Christine O'Donnell!

ZIGGY

Duude. It's like the old song says... you've got to pick up every stitch...

JERRY

[realizing what's going on]...you've got to pick up every stitch...

JERRY AND ZIGGY

[together, singing] ...must be the season of the witch!

JERRY

Shit man, that was a bad trip.

ZIGGY

Relax brother. Release yourself from the fear.

JERRY

But don't you know, if that witch ever makes it to office, she won't let me snatch up my own broomstick! *[grabs his phallus]* But go ahead, tell me all about your vision.

ZIGGY

Oh, it was heavy, man. It concerned the whole ship of state!

JERRY

Well, see if you can tackle the issue...

ZIGGY

When the vision began, I dreamed that I was in Washington, and a bunch of sheep were gathered at a rally, dressed in trucker hats and tube tops. And then I saw a mama grizzly harangue "them there sheep," and she had the voice of a bison!

JERRY

Not cool, dude!

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ZIGGY

What is it?

JERRY

Stop, stop, no more! This dream stinks of Alaskan moose meat!

ZIGGY

And she took up a knife and started slicing up an onion.

JERRY

Fuck me! She's trying to divide the union!

ZIGGY

And Rand Paul appeared, looking like a horse, and he broke into a trot. And Barney Frank was there next to me, and he whispered, "Take a look at Wand Paul. That's a weal twat."

JERRY

Right on, Barney Frank!

ZIGGY

Isn't that weird, though, Rand Paul becoming a horse?

JERRY

No way, just go with the flow here.

ZIGGY

What do you mean?

JERRY

What do I mean? He was a man, then he became a horse. Isn't it obvious? Think of what they did to *Barbaro*, man...

ZIGGY

I'll buy you the next dime bag for that round of dream interpretation!

JERRY

All right now, time to let the audience in on the story... But first, a word to the wise: don't expect anything too fancy from us, and none of that lowbrow standup garbage, either! We're not gonna bribe the audience with goodies – nope, you won't hear any Tiger Woods jokes from us, and no fucking around with Jay-Z this year! And even if Rumsfeld lucked out and got a cushy Hoover fellowship, we won't be making mincemeat out of him. No, we've got an amusing little tale – No cleverer than you in wit, but smarter than that gutter shit!

We're gainfully employed by our totally awesome nephew, the guy sleeping on the roof up there. He hired us to guard his dad, who's shut up inside, and

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make sure he doesn't get out of the house. His dad's got this sick syndrome, dude, and you'd *never* be able to figure it out or fathom it, unless we told you. But come on, take a stab at it.

ZIGGY

[pointing to an audience member] This man here says he's a sex maniac.

JERRY

No, no, he's just describing his own symptoms. But he *is* addicted to something.

ZIGGY

[pointing to another] And this one thinks he's addicted to gourmet food.

JERRY

Negatory, that's a rich man's game, dude.

ZIGGY

[pointing to a third audience member] And he says he's addicted to cars and cruising.

JERRY

No, no, not cruising: If he were Cruise that would make him a faggot. Go ahead and ramble off guesses, you'll never figure it out. But if you really want to know, be quiet and listen up. I'll tell you the old man's disease. He's got Teabaggeritis, like nobody's business! He's obsessed with going to rallies, and he hoots and hollers if he can't get a front row seat. He doesn't sleep a wink, and even if he does manage to bed down for a bit, his mind's working all night thinking about the slogans he wants to write on his signs. *[Ziggy says a funny slogan as aside.]* He's so used to holding his signs he wakes up in the morning with his hands around his pole. And if he sees an Obama poster he just can't resist painting on a Hitler mustache. If his alarm clock batteries die and he doesn't get up in time for a rally, he accuses Energizer of being part of the liberal socialist agenda. Right after dinner he clamors for his combat boots and marches down to the Washington mall and camps out overnight, marking out his spot like a dog pissing on a hydrant. He's mad as hell and he's not gonna take it anymore! He's so intent on impeachment he's planted himself a whole peach orchard. He got scared he'd run out of slogans, so he plays a constant loop of Rush Limbaugh tapes. That's how crazy he is. Every time we try to stop him he just tea-parties harder. So we've got him on house arrest, we've barred the doors so he doesn't fly the coop. His son's taking the old man's illness real harsh, dude. First he tried to talk him out of it – he begged him to throw away his old army jacket and stay inside – to no avail, friend. Then he tried some herbal remedies, some real holistic shit. No dice, man. Next he gave him a shot in the arm, but the dude went to hear Ann Coulter speak with the needle still hanging out. Finally, after none of that stuff worked, he shipped him off to California, and they bedded him down for the night in a nice, quiet room at the Betty Ford Clinic. ... When the sun came up,

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he was outside the White House, poster in hand. We've been trying to keep him from getting out ever since. At one point he kept on escaping through the garbage chute and the doggy doors, so we stuffed up the cracks and blocked the holes with old clothes. He made like a snake and slithered out the open window! So we've been keeping guard all around with nets on every window. His name is Phil O'Cleon, and Del O'Cleon, the son's, one of those prissypriceyprius pricks.

[Del O'Cleon enters]

DEL

Jerry, Ziggy! Are you asleep?

JERRY

Harsh bud!

ZIGGY

What's up?

JERRY

The boss is awake.

DEL

One of you get over here, quick! Dad's crawled into the heating ducts and he's scurrying around like a mouse! Make sure he doesn't escape through the air vents! And you watch the door.

JERRY

Chill, boss, I'm on it.

DEL

Sweet Jesus, what's the noise coming from the chimney? Hey you, who are you?

PHIL

[from inside] I'm smokin' here!

DEL

Smoke? What kind of wood are you burning?

PHIL

TEAkwood!

DEL

Damn right, the nastiest smoke of all! Now get your ass inside! Where's the chimney cover? Put it back on there. And put some weight on it! Now you'll have to cook up some other scheme. But O, woe is me! What shall I be called by the neighbors, if not the son of a burnout?

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

Open up!

JERRY

He's trying to break the door down!

DEL

Push back! And put some shoulder into it! I'm coming down. And keep an eye on the lock and key – he's likely to chew off the doorknob!

PHIL

What are you doing? Won't you let me out, you filthy reds, so I can go to the protest?! They're gonna cram another Obamacare down our throats!

JERRY

And that would be bad for you...? *[the door flies open]*

PHIL

[emerging, holding up a newspaper] Yeah, my horoscope tells me if the Democrats pass a bill I'll drop dead!

JERRY

Sweet Miss Cleo, what a fortune!

PHIL

Come on, I beg of you, let me out, or I'll combust!

DEL

I swear to God, Dad, I will not!

PHIL

I'll bite my way through this net, then!

JERRY

But you don't have any teeth.

[Phil makes attempt to gum his way through the net.]

PHIL

Damnation! How, oh how, can I kill you?! Get me my gun – or my pocket constitution!

DEL

Watch out, he's up to no good!

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

PHIL

No way, not me! I just have to drop off the old pickup truck. I sold it on Craigslist just now.

DEL

Couldn't I take it?

PHIL

You can't drive it like I can.

DEL

[under his breath] You're right, I drive it like a sane person.

PHIL

[shouting inside] Bring the truck around!

JERRY

He reeled you in, man, hook, line, and sinker, so that you'd let him out!

DEL

I won't take the bait. I'm on to his tricks. *I'll* go in and bring the truck out myself, so the old man doesn't peep out again. *[enters the door, then walks around and pushes the truck onstage from stage left or right.]* What is wrong with this truck? Damn jalopy won't accelerate. It must be weighed down or something. It's like Kirstie Alley stowed away on this thing...

JERRY

Yeah, man, you're right. Something's crouched down here in the back.

DEL

What? Let's have a look.

JERRY

Here he is.

DEL

Hey, what's going on here? Who are you, speak up!

PHIL

Me llamo Manuel, senior.

PHIL

Okay, Manuel, where are you from?

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

TEA-juana!

DEL

Man, you won't be well much longer! Get him out of there, hurry up! Crafty old bastard, look how you tried to slip out this time! You look like one sad mother-trucker!

PHIL

If you don't leave me alone, we're gonna have ourselves a throwdown.

DEL

And what would you fight us for?

PHIL

I happen to like making drama! (wink wink)

DEL

You're a dirty rotten scoundrel, and no spring chicken either.

PHIL

Me, a rotten chicken? I used to be grade A meat, real free range material, and you'll find I'm still tough and stringy if you care to try a bite of this tea-partying oldtimer!

DEL

Get back in that house, and take the truck with you.

PHIL

Rush, Sarah, Glenn, my fellow teabaggers – help me!!

DEL

You can yell all you want inside when the door's good and locked. Stack some rocks in front of the door, and make sure the deadbolt's locked, hell, triple padlock it!

JERRY

[hit on the head by clod from above] Ah, not cool! Where'd that lump come from?

DEL

Maybe a mouse pooped on you from the roof.

JERRY

A mouse? No dude, there's a nest of teabaggers infesting your house.

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DEL

Fuck me! He's turned himself into a pigeon! He'll fly away! Where's the net? Where is it? Shoo! Shoo! Get back in, you! Jesus Christ, my father's harder to pacify than Kabul. *[after much tooing and froing, Phil O'Cleon is shooed back into the house]*

JERRY

Come on, boss, now that we've chased him back in, and there's no way he's gonna sneak out again, can't we grab forty winks?

DEL

Look, you lazy hippie, the other teabaggers will be here in no time to pick up my dad.

JERRY

What? It's barely light out!

DEL

Exactly, they've gotten up late today! They usually come a-calling in the middle of the night, with their lamps and their flashlights and humming their god'n'country-anti-commie-yankee-doodle ditties, which always lures him out.

JERRY

[picking up a rock...] So, if it comes down to it, we can pelt 'em with rocks, really stone 'em -- my specialty!

DEL

Look, fuckwit, if you piss off their clan, they're like a pack of wild mama grizzlies. They've got enormous manicured claws, sharp as knives, and they'll maul you with 'em, growling and pouncing and hitting you like -- *[putting two and two together]* like angry old right-wingers...

JERRY

Don't sweat it. As long as I've got my rock, I can roll over a bunch of old grizzlies all day.

[Lies down to take a nap. Ziggy and Del join him and everyone falls asleep]

ACT II

CHORUS LEADER

[enters singing to the tune of 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' During the song the rest of the chorus slowly emerge onto the stage stage]

Onward, Mama Grizzlies, marching as to war! / Get a move on, Margie, I know your knees are sore!

You used to be a trooper, sharp as shards of glass, / but now it's oh so tragic, Lurlene can whup your ass!

Betty Ann from Fresno, my fellow teabaguette, / where the fuck is Opal? She

SCIT TRANSLATION

paid the final debt!

Those of us remaining, let's recall our youth! / But now we're getting older,
longer in the tooth!

But you were there in Congress, in the good old days, / when we and Phyllis
Schlafly killed the ERA!

We were backing Monica, and we screamed 'impeach!' / that would teach Slick
Willy not to overreach!

Hurry up now, ladies, Obama's goose is cooked. / Glenn Beck's got a list of
names of pinko gubmint crooks!

Move along now, Grizzlies, shine your flashlights strong, / we've got to get
their early, well before the dawn.

You can't trust these public roads not to make you late, / after all they're
main-tained by the nanny state!

KID

Watch out for that dog turd, mom!

CHORUS LEADER

Why don't you light another candle, so I can see better?

KID

Nah, I'll just use the gas lantern.

CHORUS LEADER

Where'd you learn to waste fuel like that, especially when the oil supply's
running low, you naughty narwhal! Don't you know those damn Arabs have
all the oil? Another reason to *[all chorus together]* DRILL HERE, DRILL
NOW! Plus it's no skin off your back when it comes time to pay the gas bill.

KID

Gee whiz, ma, if you smack me one more time, I'll leave you without the
flashlight and call child protective services on you! Then we'll see how you do
without a light in the dark: you can wallow in the muck like a Chilean miner
for all I care.

CHPRUS LEADER

I've dealt with bigger bad guys than you, buster. *[Steps in mud]* Ugh, but this
mud is not making the journey any easier. Yes, it's a sure sign of rain in the
next three or four days. That and my trick knee's acting up again. That's when
you know the rain's coming. *[intones solemnly]* Yes, to everything there is a
season. There's a time to plant and a time to reap, a time to gather nuts and a
time to smash ACORN, a time to kill liberals, and a time to just slightly maim
them...Now whatever can be keeping our fellow teabagger? He should be out
here to meet us. He's never lagged behind before – he's usually the first in
line, and he leads us in a rousing chorus of Yankee Doodle! Oh, he's quite hip
to all the latest tunes! But come on, ladies, gather together, gather together,
let's call him outside with a song: Let our dulcet tones draw him out-of-doors!

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CHORUS

[sung to the tune of 'Honky-Tonk Woman' by the Rolling Stones]

He's not outside his door today like always,
He doesn't seem to hear us when we growl.
I hope he hasn't lost his giant flag now,
'Cause it's time that we went marching on the mall.

I think maybe he's busted up his ankle,
Or worse yet, bust a nut in righteous rage.
Just ice those balls, and get your ass right out here,
'Cause Sarah Palin's 'bout to take the stage.

*We're the mama... grizzlies.
Where is, where is, where is our tea party man?*

Obamacare has given him a fever,
Our Nanny state has sucked his juices dry,
The thought of two men boning drives him crazy,
'Cause he's a stand-up, straight-talk, red-blooded American guy.

But buck up, buddy, now it's time to rally,
Put on your t-shirt, grab your picket sign.
Those god-damn commie queers have got it coming,
Teabag them, and soon you'll feel just fine.

*We're the mama... grizzlies.
Give us, give us, give us our tea party man!*

[at this point the melody changes and the tune becomes Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody']

KID

God damn these skin lice,
They're really chomping me.
I need a doctor,
Who can rid me of Lyme disease.

CHORUS

There's just no way,
We've got no policy....
Don't need no healthcare,
We've got our liberty --

KID

But I'm itching here, itching there,
Itching in my underwear,
Doesn't really seem fair --

SCIT TRANSLATION

CHORUS

Just be happy that you're free!

PHIL

Mamas, been cock-blocked here.
Heard your voices through the wall,
Couldn't answer when you called.
Mamas, what can I do?
These filthy hippies won't let me escape.

Mamas, oooh-oooh-oooooh!
I just want to march with you,
But if these fascists keep me here forever,
Carry on, carry on,
And bag some liberals for me!

PHIL

Commie-hating Jesus, you love patriots and freedom.

CHORUS

Set him free!
Set him free!

PHIL

Turn me into a smoke stream!
Thunderbolts and lightning,
Blast me into nothing, please!

CHORUS

Phil O'Cleon!

PHIL

Mama Grizzlies!

CHORUS

Phil O'Cleon!

PHIL

Mama Grizzlies!

PHIL AND CHORUS

Phil O'Cleon / Mama Grizzlies!
Let him / me go go go go go go.

PHIL

Make me a picket sign,
Take me to the rally....

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

CHORUS

Who's playing gotcha with you and gotcha all locked up? You can tell us, we protect our kind.

PHIL

My own damn son. Be quiet. He's sleeping like a baby. Keep it down.

CHORUS

Well, whatda do, ya pansy? What's his excuse?

PHIL

He won't let me out to rally and preach freedom. He's nannying me like the Swedish welfare state, and I can't stand it.

CHORUS

That scarf-swaddled scum's mouthing off again? Just because you tell it like it is about the hippie young people? He wouldn't be so worried about it if he wasn't a Marxist wanna-be himself.

CHORUS LEADER

There's no time for freedom like the present. We've got to get you out from behind his petty little iron curtain.

PHIL

Name the game. I would do anything. I've got such a jones to feel that mall grass under my feet, a warm gun at my hip.

CHORUS LEADER

Isn't there some hole you could climb out of? We could dress you in tie-dye and shredded jeans and he'd never notice you pass.

PHIL

He's got this place more secured than the minutemen do Arizona. Not even a coyote could find a way through and I can't turn myself to dust.

CHORUS LEADER

What about Desert Storm? When you scaled that wall so quick you made the helicopter launch with minutes to spare?

PHIL

That was then...this is now. I was at my prime back then. I had guns [*kisses biceps*]. I could lie, cheat, and steal my way out of anything. And I didn't have government eyes constantly over my shoulder. Now they've got a couple of hippie fascists waving their patchouli bundles under my door as if I'd taken their tofu.

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CHORUS

Ok y'all. Better get a plan together PTA-quick. Sun's comin' up, little cub.

PHIL

As far as I can tell, I'm gonna have to claw my way through this concrete.
May the board members at Halliburton have forgiving hearts!

CHORUS

If anyone can save you, they can—particularly if it's by failing you. Claw on!

PHIL

It's crumbling quick. Keep your cheering to yourselves. Del O'Cleon can't pick up on what's going on.

CHORUS

Have no fear, mamma grizzlies are here! If he grumbles, we'll chase him down and rip his liberally bleeding heart out. Like a hippie whose wandered a few campsites too far into our woods, we'll teach him to trample through our freedom-loving lands with his fungus-ridden feet.

CHORUS LEADER

Fill your heart with Rick Warren's good words, hitch yourself with this here freedom rope and scale your way down!

PHIL

But what if those two catch on and try to reel me back up? Then what'll you do?

CHORUS LEADER

We'll man up so hard our freedom juice will blast you out of there in no time.
Cuz that's how mamma grizzlies do.

PHIL

I'm all yours ladies. But listen here, if anything goes wrong, I want a proper burial—Taps, flag-folding and teary-eyed housewives.

CHORUS LEADER

Nothing's gonna happen. Don't worry. Come on you old hero you, hold your god-fearing founding-fathers in your heart, man up and make your way down.

PHIL

Oh, Tom Jefferson! You old-school patriot. I know you love the same things as me, men crying American tears as they preach American truths, I know you watch over us and catch every word, every single salty drop. Have mercy, my co-patriot! Lend a helping hand, and I won't piss or pass gas by your monument ever again!

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DEL

*/waking up.../*Yo! Get up!

JERRY

*/startled, waking up/*What? Huh?

DEL

I hear voices all around me. The old geezer probably trying to get out again.

JERRY

Uh...sorta...he's letting himself down by a rope.

DEL

WTF, you heap o' old white trash. Don't come down here. Get up there you bums, each of you, and hit him with those Didgeridoos. Maybe some world beats will send him to dream time.

PHIL

Teabaggers—all you with your calendars steeped with rallies! Beer-koozie-cradler! Pamphlet-hoarder! Constitution-Heavy-Petter! Barack-cock-blocker! Lend a hand. Now! before they draw me back up.

CHORUS

Tell me, why do we keep our grizzly girl power all pent up, even when we've got power grabbers stalking our dens? Let loose those razor-sharp, rosy-pink painted claws. Come on gals, quick now, smooth out the creases in your miniskirts. Paul Revere your way to Palin with your spiky stilettos, and have her come stare into the whites of their pinko eyes.

DEL

Good ladies, don't let the hot flashes get the best of you. No need to screech.

CHORUS LEADER

We'll raise our voices high as we damn well please.

DEL

I'm not letting him go.

CHORUS

Dispicable, if this isn't the spittin' image of a fascist! Oh nation! Kennedy-Devil!

And whatever brown nose, red-lipped pug takes a stand with us.

JERRY

Holy shit. They've got claws. Look, dude.

DEL

The same ones they used to bake-sale Reagan into the white house.

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CHORUS LEADER

And we'll take you down too! About-face! Stay close, channel that righteous indignation, that patriotic inspiration. Whip out those airbrushed nails and tear into him so he'll never forget what grizzly band he crossed.

JERRY

Whoa. Those ladies are seriously harshing my mellow. Those nails are terrifying just to look at. I'm not getting close.

CHORUS

Let that patriot go. If you don't you'll wish you were some Taliban hiding out in Tora Bora.

PHIL

That's right, co-patriots! Prickly-hearted ladies, all in a tizzy, give it to him in the keister! Scratch out his bloodshot eyes!

DEL

Ziggy, Jerry, Wavy Gravy, help me out here! Do what you do best: Hold on tight and don't let go. If you don't, I'll lock you in the basement sans kush, bong and Ben and Jerry's Phish Food. *[Ziggy runs over to help restrain Phil, Jerry runs off stage].*

CHORUS LEADER

If you don't let him go, you'll have this puppy to deal with *[wiggles manicured middle finger!]*

PHIL

Oh Reagan-man, commie-wall breaker below the waist, invisible hand waver above, are you seeing this? How these filthy-hand hippies are groping at me? These flippin' ingrates whom I nourished with your trickle-down touch.

CHORUS LEADER

That-there senior citizenship sure ain't no walk in the park, is it? They've got their hands all over the very man they should be thanking. He shot Charlie and the Muslims so they could toke up and tune out, he served his country so they could fill their bellies with whatever that man's flavor-savor's got perched on it. He wiggled his American-grade ass from the napalm jungle to the oil-soaked desert till he was blue in the face so they could wear those Nazi Birkenstocks and coke-dusted ponchos.

PHIL

Damn tree-huggers, you won't let go me even now? Don't you remember that time I bought you all that trail-mix and then ran you out of the house with it? Your whole hippie gang lined the streets, mad with envy that you had those protein-packed snacks raining on you. Apparently you have no sense of appreciation. Let me go, Wavy Gravy! Before my son gets out here.

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LEADER

You two will be sorry. You'll know pretty quick what kind you're messing with. Christ-loving, sharp-shooters, and easy on the eyes, too. *[The Chorus attacks; Jerry returns with a bong and rain stick]*

JERRY

Rain down on them! Drown them out of the yard!

DEL

What does it look like I'm doing? And what about you? Don't just stand there, with the bong between your cheeks. Exhale, man! Smoke them out!

JERRY

Go on! Get blazed! Let it rain, dude!

DEL

And you, blow on brother. They won't know what hit 'em. *[Chorus retreats]*

JERRY

I knew it was just a matter of time.

PHIL

You wouldn't have gotten away so easily if they were marching to Petraeus' beat.

CHORUS

To us simple country folk it's clear,
Y'all don't have any excuse,
Your Harvard speak don't distract us from your creeping commie antics.
Trying to take our God-given freedom rights, you shaggy-haired hippy fascists!

DEL

Whoa, whoa, people, how about if we take a moment to restore sanity.
Without coming to blows and exchanging shrill bellows—I am not a fucking dirty hippie....he is—let's work this thing out like civilized folk.

CHORUS

There ain't nothing to work out, you America-bashing, Ayatollah-kow-towing, Osama Bin Laden boot-lickin' raggedy-ass mother-fucker!

DEL

Jesus Christ, I'm not sure it's worth keeping the old man if I have to deal with *this* bullshit day in and day out.

CHORUS LEADER

Oh sweetheart we're just getting started. You don't know the meaning of pain. We'll steep you in so much tea-baggery you won't know your balls from

SCIT TRANSLATION

your cerebral cortex.

DEL

Good Lord, why can't you all back off? Or should I just write off my day to this crap?

CHORUS

As long as I've got life in my little finger I'll fight your tyranny tooth and nail.

DEL

You all are a pack of paranoid bitches...I say one little thing and you moms get scared, like I'm a tyrannit-fascist-cave-dwelling pretty-boy from Bel-Air! It's all so last century! And yet you're shouting out these insults on every street corner. I go to pick up a soy latte and you call me a Wall-street Traitor. I pass on the biscotti and they ask me why I find it so hard to chalk up an extra two dollars to support the economy.

JERRY

My lady friend pulled the same crap on me yesterday. I told her I wouldn't mind if she got on top for some tantric and she retorted, "You un-American pussy! You're as useless as the democratic party!"

DEL

You can't please anyone these days. All I'm asking is for my pops not to chill with the midnight-button-making, mall-gathering, Hilter-epitheting bigotry, and retire to fresh kale, tempura-tofu, and organic pinot -- and these chicks call me anti-American.

PHIL

Because you are! I wouldn't give up my protestation rights for sushi off a naked next-top model...nevermind your made-in-Japan feast of soy. I'd take juicy freedom burger any day of the week.

DEL

You're addicted to the hormones they pump in that stuff. Why don't you keep quiet for just a minute and listen to what I have to say...give me the chance to show you the error of your ways.

PHIL

Freedom of speech is an error? Do you hate God?

DEL

Don't you see that you are bowing to men who are just using you to buoy up their military-industrial complex?

PHIL

Hey! I don't bow to no one. *Your* president's the one bowing from here to Saudi Arabia.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

DEL

If they don't have you turned around and bent over, why don't you explain to me what you stand to gain from their stiff program of tax-cuts and war-weilding.

PHIL

Sure! But I want these ladies to be the deciders.

DEL

Fine by me. Let him go, boys.

PHIL

And keep that bong handy. I'll smoke myself to oblivion if I'm beat.

DEL

And what if you *do* lose? What happens if I find your crazy-ass out there again?

PHIL

I'll erase all my "Sarah Palin's 'Alaska' episodes from the TiVo" [*Ziggy, Jerry and Kid exit!*]

ACT III

CHORUS

[sung to the tune of 'Eye of the Tiger' by Survivor]

Rise on up, rise and speak,
Drop a bomb of Glenn Beck's knowledge.
Don't be shy, don't be timid or meek,
You're a teabagging man, make us proud.

It's the fight for the nation,
It's the battle for right,
Time to claw through the socialist agenda.
If you fail us, we're finished,
Be our way and our light,
Knock him flat, tear his bleeding heart out...
For the grizzlies.

CHORUS LEADER

So c'mon, you gotta stand up for our country, 'tis of thee. Give it all you got.
Speak up.

PHIL:

I will speak up, and right away I'll turn the keys in my ignition and say that no liberal socialist agenda is better than our American way of life. What's better and more blessed these days than a Tea Partier? Who lives better, and

SCIT TRANSLATION

who wants to mess with him, even though he's a geezer? And first, when I get out of bed, and go to the capital with my sign and bullhorn, who's begging me to pull a few strings? Washington insiders--Karl Rove's coterie, the Republican elite--I get there, and we shake hands--their palms still greasy from the pork barrel. They get down on their knees, and they beg me in this pathetic voice: "Please, I beg you, help me! You must have built a bridge to nowhere once. But now I'm a red-blooded American conservative just like you. Call off your grizzlies!" He wouldn't know I exist, if I weren't a tea-partier.

DEL

OK, I'll make a note to myself: you get off on people getting on their knees for you.

PHIL

Yeah, so after they've sucked up a little, I still keep at my protesting, and they keep at their sucking. Let me tell you, I hear every kind of yarn. Some of them keep crying about how small-government they are, or how they're not Wall Street, they're Main Street just like me. Some tell me they were strong-armed into voting for the bail-out, some just tell me last night's Leno monologue. And if I'm not convinced, it's amazing how quick they drag in their wives and kids--real family values stuff. I mean, they bring them into my office, holding their hands--one daughter pregnant, the other holding the little retard. And I listen. After a huddle they start wailing, and their daddy, who's *worried* about them, begs me to help him keep his seat. He says, "If you're sympathetic to Palin's little cougar cubs, have a heart for my kittens too!" And I always did like a little pussy, so I have to listen to his girls cry -- all night. And then my throbbing rage finds release. Isn't this having a real say?

DEL

OK, I'll make a second note to myself: having a real say.
Now tell me the benefits you say you get from being in charge of this country.

PHIL

Well, first off when one of those O'Donnell grizzlettes wants to jump-start her career, she has to jump-start me first. And when Arnie needs some help, I can make him redo the best part of *Kindergarten Cop*. And when a Bush wants to bring along his daughter, I get to trim her hedges. And I'm not responsible to any constituents, neither--can those fatcats in Washington say that?

DEL

Well I guess not...But it's so wrong to barber those Bushes.

PHIL

And when the senators and representatives need someone to take care of some effete liberal, they leave it to me. Then Rand Paul and John Boner - I mean, Boehner - he would have been a war hero, really, except for that damn bad back - promise not to betray us, they'll fight for real Americans against

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the Beltway culture. Beck himself - oh he's so good at getting us worked up - even he doesn't mess with me, no he sits next to me on the couch and gets me my beers. God knows you've never been such a good son. And Christine O'Donnell gets her barefoot ass into the kitchen and starts cooking dinner. And you call this bowing to the military-industrial complex!

DEL

Talk all you want: you have to stop sometime. God, you are making an *unassailable* ass of yourself.

PHIL

I forgot the best part! When I come home with my tax cut, everyone's happy to see me. My daughter takes my bags and gives me a big hug and calls me "Daddy" - and she plays go fish for the cheques in my pockets. The little lady says some sweet nothings and offers me one of her lip-smacking titbits. She sits close and makes me try it: "Taste this, bite it!" God, I love it all.

And I don't need to wait for your filthy hippies to stew up their lentils for dinner, cursing and grumbling. If they don't get to chopping quick, I just send out for freedom fries, "a gift to the foes of Mordor." And if they won't get me anything to drink, I whip out this full 40, and I'm my own bartender in my La-Z-Boy. It's big, and it's not afraid to get gangsta on your limey pint glass.

As a tea-partier, don't I have tons of power? Just as much as Andrew Luck, I'd say. People talk about me the same way. For example, if we really make a noise at a rally, everyone walking by says, "Wow, didn't realize Luck was working out in there!" And I tackle something, the venture capitalists and Beltway insiders go "fuck" and shit their pants.

Even you are afraid of me - yes, by God, you're afraid. But I'll be damned if I'm afraid of you!

CHORUS

[sung to the tune of 'Winner']

Refudiate that!

You know you're looking at a winner, winner, winner...

Oh shit, I never heard better,
Every word you said done made me wetter,
You preached the Palin gospel to the letter,
Your pansy ass son best get it together.

Oh-oh

PHIL

Look at how he's fidgeting
Thought he'd win, but his ass just took a whipping

SCIT TRANSLATION

Thought he'd ream me, but I drove my point in,
Get ready boy, cause get what.

CHORUS AND PHIL

It's tea party time,
Hear the grizzly roar
We're winning hearts and minds,
And the Senate floor.

You know you're looking at a winner, winner, winner

CHORUS

You'd better start looking for a good strong leash, unless you've got something
real to say, if you want to handle this pitbull with lipstick!

DEL

It'll be tough, and it's going to take some serious thought--way more than you
get from an ancient Greek comedy--to fix our nation's broken system. But I
have to try [*clearly mocking*] "Our Father, who art in..."

PHIL

Stop "Our-Fathering" me! Unless you show me right now how I'm just a
pawn of our government and corporations, I'll shoot you just to watch you die--
even if I'll be stuck in Folsom prison!

DEL

Listen up, daddy dearest. Turn that frown upside down!
Count things up--no, not by congressional seats the Tea Baggers won in the
last election, but with your fingers. What's the GDP in this ol' US of A?
Fifteen trillion dinero? That's 10 times the national debt--any credit card
company can tell you when you're late on your payments and they're charging
35% APR: 'Just put a dime from every dollar in your little piggy bank, and in a
year...'--we don't owe China anything but some lead paint! But now go and
add up all the millions that CEOs and Henry Paulson hide from the tax man
offshore, and the sweetheart deals your 'small government' cuts to the corn
lobby, not to mention the mega defense contracts made for stupid, pointless
wars--*dulce et decorum est*, y' know. What's left for the taxpayer from this
enormous tax-base? All we get is a lousy \$400 "making work pay" credit on
our taxes--if we remember to check the bubble!

PHIL

So our honest tax breaks are nothing compared to what CEOs get away with?

DEL

Lord Almighty!--not in the least.

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PHIL

Well, if that's the case, where does all that money go? I mean, it's clearly true that "What's good for business is good for America."

DEL

The money goes to the whole "Pledge to America, Bootstrapping, Let's get America working" bunch! You vote for them on election day, dad, because you buy into their specious campaign slogans: "Country First". But then, once they take office, they make a killing from the lobbyists, Scaring up corporate interests, like this: "Consider supporting my campaign: else I'll smear your corporate image worse than oil on a BP sign." And here you are, happy sitting with Billy, peeling labels off your bottles of Bud. But the big corporations--they know that you and all the other blue-collar, small business Joe Six-packs are living paycheck to paycheck, shopping the discount racks at Walmart! They count on you voting with the Moral Majority, so they give these congressmen all sorts of tasty perks: caviar, champagne, truffles, Swiss chocolates, crystal stemware--gift certificates to Tiffany's, and Williams & Sonoma!

And what are your perks, your customer rewards? You think--since you served as a marine, travelling "from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli"--that congress honors you in anything more than speeches or medals? Look at the treatment our boys and girls, back from Iraq and Afghanistan, are getting at Walter Reed! Nobody in congress even gets you a bag of pretzels to share with your beer!

PHIL

By God, they don't! I had to go down to the 7-11 and pick up a value pack of Rold Gold myself. But you're just pushing my buttons. You're not showing me how *I'm* the government's pawn, when what I want is *small* government.

DEL

Oh, but that's what makes you the biggest pawn of all! Every congressman, and all their fawning interns--they've all got job security and a cushy 401k plan. But you're happy waiting by the mailslot for a monthly pension check which you more than earned stopping Communist expansion and nation-building in Iraq. But you go along with these Tea Partiers. Glen Beck's not 'asking questions'--he's forming a new rank and file! That's why I get so angry when some overweight, oxycodone-popping talkshow host like Rush Limbaugh tells us in four words "I Hope Obama fails"--he might as well have used one four letter word instead....A big 'Fuck you' to our very own president. But there he was in the Bush years with the rest of the Republicans, telling us all that political dissent was un-American! And anytime a slimy oil company needs help with its image, they'll lobby the Republicans--oh, and Rush gets a slice of the pie too. Pretty soon conservative pundits and lawmakers give each other high fives [*demonstrates with chorus members clapping hands over a huddled Phil*], effectively Eiffel-towering our democracy

SCIT TRANSLATION

from both ends! [*after an obligatory pelvic thrust or two, the position breaks apart in disgust from all parties*]. But you're so busy clipping coupons and watching your own taxes that they give you the slip!

PHIL

Is that what they're doing to me--fucking me over? [*Shivers, feeling polluted*] Ahhhhh! What are you talking about? You're making me feel gurgly deep inside... you're making me come over to your way of seeing things... doing lord-knows what to me back there [*rubs behind gingerly*]!

DEL

Listen--you could be rich, and everyone else could be too! But these American Values conservatives have got you fenced in somehow. You, an American citizen, Leader of the Free World from Taipei to Timbuktu--you get nothing except tax breaks and a lousy pension to blow on some PBR--"Piss Being Recycled"? You live on your checks and beer like they're some kind of IV, they want you to be poor and cling to your six pack, guns and religion, and I'll tell you why:

So that you'll recognize your master, and when the pundits whistle at you to attack one of the liberal elite, you'll jump at them like one of Michael Vick's pups. If they wanted to give everybody a 1950s American dream life, it'd be easy: We've got 422 billionaires in America--more than 6 times any other country in the world. If each of them gave one billion away to the rest of us, there'd be fifteen hundred bucks in the hands of every American and we could all be Krystal-popping in our stretch Navigators. There'd be food everywhere, as if the country was catered! That's what America earned, back on the beaches of Normandy. But you're stuck sneaking tater-tots in your pocket at the Golden Corral!

PHIL

Ahhh! What's going on--my hands have gone all pins and needles. I can't even hold the picket for my sign [*gestures to phallos*]. I've gone limp!

DEL

But whenever *they're* scared, they promise you Heaven to stay and say they'll be sending monthly tax rebates in the mail. But the real money never comes your way--the real "tax savings" are only going to the top one percent of earners. And if you're driving to the bank to cash your check in Arizona, and forget your ID at home, you might get dropped off in Juarez, Mexico. That's why I've locked you up at home--I wanted to keep you well-fed and stop those Tea-baggers from sodomizing you. And now I want to provide for you, my family, with anything you want--except Rand Paul's tea.

CHORUS LEADER

He was a wise man, whoever said that "there are two sides to every story". Cause you've won my vote--by a long shot. The gunpowder of my anger's gone all wet -- I've blown my wad! I don't think I want to be a rabid, rallying, tea-

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bagging grizzlette anymore -- (*gasps*) I think I'm re-identifying as a WASP! No more confrontation and polemic! I want to be civil, politically correct, and *passive* aggressive. Suddenly I long to shed this mangy fur and slip into a cashmere sweater set and pearls. I yearn to breathe in the sea-salt air of the North Atlantic, to cavort on a yacht with the Boston brahmins, a glass of fine chardonnay in hand. Young man, you've opened up my eyes to all the finer things we could enjoy if we retired from tea-partying and started hosting charity brunches instead.

DEL

Well, that's not exactly what I meant, but--

CHORUS

No, no, dear, you've completely convinced us. In fact... wait just a moment, and we'll show you how much you've transformed us!

[Exit chorus.]

PHIL

Now look what you've done, you brainwashing pinko. They'll be in there forever -- you know how women are!

DEL

Dad!

[The chorus returns]

CHORUS LEADER

Hem, hem, hem! Ready, ladies?

[sung to the tune of Gloria Gaynor's 'I Will Survive']

When you started speaking, I was full of wrath,
but then I listened to your arguments, I did the math.
And now this funny new sensation's come a-creeping over me,
I think my heart just started bleeding blue for everyone in need!

Goodbye to fangs, goodbye to claws,
the grizzly girls are going liberal -- turning into wasps.
Our slogan now is, 'gee, it's nice when everybody just agrees,'
and from now on we'll spend our Sundays worshipping diversity.

And this upper-class white guilt, it doesn't feel so bad,
I just pay my taxes, and subscribe to all the latest fads:
I feel alright sipping my fair-trade cocoa with my one black friend,
and I'm trying to raise the funds to hang in Haiti with Sean Penn.

Come on old chum,

SCIT TRANSLATION

Follow our lead!

Your son is promising to give you everything you'll ever need:

You'll drink martinis with a twist,

Attended by a pretty miss,

Follow our lead! Phil O'Cleon, please!

Hey Hey...

DEL

For the love of God, dad, please believe me!

PHIL

What do you want me to do? Name it--oh, except one, iitsy-biitsy thing...

DEL

What thing? Tell me.

PHIL

To stop being a Tea Partier! You'll have to pry the constitution from my cold, dead hands!

DEL

Okay--if that's what floats your boat. Just stop going to those rallies, but stay here and share your politics with our household pets.

PHIL

But there's no pet election--when were the canine primaries?

DEL

But you'll do the exact same things in here as out there! Say someone leaves the window open with the air-conditioning on: You can accuse him of wasteful venting, or atmospheric socialism-- that's what you did at the rallies! But now you'll do it sensibly--out on the patio if it's nice out, by the fire come the Holidays. You'll never need a water poncho inside! And even if you sleep past noon, you'll never miss a march!

PHIL

I like that!

DEL

But wait, there's more! If somebody's making a long speech, you don't need to stand out in the cold, twiddling your thumbs along with the cameraman.

PHIL

But how will I stay up-to-date with the Tea Party movement, without my finger on the pulse of the American values?

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DEL

You'll be more up-to-date than ever! With your thumbs on the remote, you'll watch the O'Reilly Factor on repeat. With your fingers on your laptop, you'll be king of the blogosphere.

PHIL

I think you're winning me over! But you haven't explained yet how I'm going to cash any refund checks that come my way.

DEL

I'll pay you to stay at home.

PHIL

Excellent! The free-market is rewarding my entrepreneurial spirit.

DEL

Stay right there, I'll bring everything out.

PHIL

The founding fathers' dreams are coming true! I'm finding life and liberty *on my own property*--forget the pursuit, this is happiness!

DEL

[Returning with Jerry, Ziggy, Eagle, Rabbit, and Tea Party equipment (Fisher-Price picnic table, etc.)]

Look! What do you say about this? A home Tea-Party kit! I've also brought you a Big Gulp cup you can *depend* upon in case you need to take a big piss while listening to a big speech. *[Jerry and Ziggy set up the Tea Party equipment and set for what follows before returning inside].*

PHIL

A great idea, especially at my age. You've made the first step toward plugging leaky government spending!

DEL

And here's a beer-coozie, and some Rold Gold--your favorite--in case you get hungry.

PHIL

This is all great. I won't ever need to call in sick, and I can get pretzel crumbs all over my desk! *[discovering]*--But what's up with this Whoopee cushion?

DEL

So that, if you fall asleep while listening to Rush Limbaugh, your face will have a safety air-bag, and the fart noise will wake you up! *[demonstrates by pushing Phil's head into the cushion]* *[Aside]* Just like you wake me and the neighbors up *every night!*

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

[*Strangely happy with the cushion*] Ooh! I just want one more teensy-weensy thing. The rest is perfect!

DEL

What's that?

PHIL

If only I could get a nice 8 x 10" of Glenn Beck for the table--it'll be like he's here!

DEL

[*Miraculously pulls a frame out from behind his back, featuring Glenn Beck as Maverick from Top Gun*].

Here it is! Why, he looks like George W. in the National Guard! But, come to think of it, I don't think they ever got a picture of Dubya in the service...

PHIL

Oh, Glenn, my dreamboat--you're so hard to look at!

DEL

That's because, even if he's a Tom Cruising Maverick, he's packing no missile--at least, that's what Katie Holmes told the *Inquirer*...

PHIL

The sooner you sit down, the sooner we can Tea Party!

DEL

I'm sitting, I'm sitting! Let's see, what constitution-bending, socialist plot shall we reign-in first?

[*Ziggy runs out of the house, distressed*]

ZIGGY

Fucking mangy mutt! He's killing my buzz!

DEL

Hey--what's going on in there?

ZIGGY

It's Baroof, man--he hopped the doggy-fence into the kitchen and gobbled up the cheese--my munchies, dude!!

DEL

Wonderful! An exemplary case of keeping the goddamn government's paws off our Medium Cheddar! Go ahead--start your stump speech!

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ZIGGY

No, dude. I'm staying out of this one--the other dogs can rally if they want.

DEL

Well, go ahead and call the canine culprits out!

ZIGGY

If that's what need's doing, man...

ACT IV

CHORUS

[sung to the tune of 'God Bless America']

God bless this tea party,
Fill our mugs with calm,
Make us sweeter,
By the liter,
Stir your honey right into our hearts

DEL

Make him a cream puff,
Shell of pastry fluff,
Sweet and gooeey, through and through...

CHORUS AND DEL

God bless this tea party,
Though strange and new.

DEL

If any Real Americans are at the doors, tell them to come in.
Once they begin speaking we won't admit anyone.

PHIL

Who's dares assault our proud constitution? Let's run him out of Washington!

DEL

Ha! Listen to how he's ruining the country! Glenn Bark says that Baroof Obowwow has stolen your cheese for himself. He should be hounded by our most honorable patriots!

PHIL

I'll hit him in the nose with a rolled-up newspaper!

DEL

And look, we've got Obowwow in the house!

SCIT TRANSLATION

[Obowow, a black poodle enters]

PHIL

Bad dog! Bad dog! You snaggletoothed cur! Look at him in his French fur coat! Oh, he's such an elitist, such a know-it-all--Lordy! What's he got in his paw--it's a death panel! Where's the spokesmutt of the free and the brave, Glenn Bark?

[Glenn Bark enters]

BARK

Howlllll's it going!

DEL

Present.

JERRY

Oh, somebody neuter this rodeo clown. He's only good at humping legs and drinking out of the toilet. Well, I guess every tea party needs a mad hatter.

DEL

Quiet, you! And you, com'ere, boy. Com'ere! Show 'em your tricks—stand tall, boy—stand on your hind legs! Defend your backyar—er, your Great and Sacred Republic!

PHIL

[draining his cup] Hey, do we get free refills at this tea party? Damn well better—it's the American way! Gimme another 64 oz. big gulp.

BARK

My fellow Ameri-canines, I see what this dog is all about. We know that he took the cheese, but he has done something more terrifying to you, and to me, and to our children, and to this great and honorable house. Obowwow is trying to change the rules to make it *okay* for him to steal the cheese. And there's a word for this. It's *redistribution* of cheese. Obowwow wants to steal the cheese from this tea party and *redistribute* it—and this is *socialism*—and he has his “media watchdogs” like Keith Doberman telling you it was right.

But then what? What happened to the cheese? Now, I don't know for sure, but *[Bark moves across to the chalkboard]*—heh—this is stunning. Here's Obowwow, here's the cheese. We know that at the dogpark, Obowwow sniffs the asses of the Bichon Frisees from down the street. And we know that those Bichon Frisees sniff the asses of *Afghan* Hounds—now, maybe this is just me, but is it possible that there's a chain of anti-American ass-sniffing stretching from Obowwow, through the elitist French toy breeds—with their cutesy, pink, little, lacey bows, I HATE THEM!—all the way to the stink of those jihadist Afghan Hounds? These connections are real, so can it be that Obowwow has *redistributed our* cheese to the French and Afghans? He's been ass-sniffing with the enemy! But why would he do it? Could it be that

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Obowwow himself has some Afghan Hound in his pedigree? If it's not true, why doesn't he simply say so? But there's more. Look at this, this is really incredible. We know that when Obowwow was a puppy, he sniffed the ass of Bill *Ayers-dale*, a *terrier-ist* who blew up a dog pound in Chicago. He also romped around with another bunch of radicals, the SLA—the Siamesecat Liberation Army. They weren't pussies, those cats, they were sharp-clawed, anti-capitalist revolutionaries that scratched the muzzles of a K9 police unit! So, was Obowwow rabidly radicalized as a little puppy dog? And does that explain why he's now sniffing the asses of Bichon Friséés and Afghan Hounds? The connections are there. And this...this makes me...afraid. Because this is what happened in Russia, in Germany, in China: violent, angry radicals stole the cheese, and they called it redistribution to make it sound okay, and every dog was sniffing the ass of every other dog, and that was just the beginning. And now, we have Baroof Obowwow. He's already redistributed our cheese; soon he'll claim that it's okay for *him* to jump on the furniture...

PHIL

By Christine O'Donnell's cauldron! It's all so clear! [*Obowwow, sitting nearby, yelps*] Uggh! That sonuvabitch just belched, and, ugghh, I can smell the cheese stink of socialism on his doggy-breath! Bad dog! Very bad dog!

BARK

And he wouldn't even "spread the wealth" to me! I asked him to throw a bone my way, but he wouldn't even give me his lipstick tube! I'm just an ordinary hound, I'm housebroken, I lick my balls. If I don't deserve some of that cheese, then who does?

PHIL

Ha! He's not sharing it with us plain old American joes, that's for damn sure.

BARK

And the media elites want you to think that he's too big to fail!

PHIL

Let's chain this chosen one up in the yard!

DEL

Now, listen, dad! Don't make up your mind until you've heard both points of view!

PHIL

Come on, son! You know that Glenn Bark's speech was fair and balanced!

BARK

Don't let Obowwow off the leash! I'm telling you, he's digging holes in our democracy! The cheese was just the beginning. He'll make himself king of the kitchen and take your cake and eat it, too—there won't be anymore for any tea parties!

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

No more cakes?! No more crumpets?! No more clotted cream?! No more tea parties?!

BARK

/building in emotion as the speech progresses, eventually unable to stop the tears rolling down his face/ Not in this wonderland! And so I implore you, don't let him get away with stealing the cheese, because the kitchen's not big enough for two wolfish appetites. Look, I'm you. I love this house, and I love our faithful forefathers, our Founding Fidos. And I will fight to restore their honor as long as I have the strength to grovel and bitch—I mean, growl and bite!

PHIL

That's a good boy! We gotta get this traitorous, treasonous changenik outta here! Don't you agree, my aqualine ally? Ha! By Linda McMahon's "Sexy Bitch", he just winked at me! Hey, where's the organizer of this tea party? This tea's finally running through me—I've really gotta pee! *[Phil runs off stage]*

DEL

Go piss off! I can't let Glenn Bark run away with this. I just have to find some Obowwow supporters to speak up for the old boy. Who was in the kitchen when the fromage was filched? Well, Jose Mortar-and-Pestle was there, but he's too ethnic for this crowd. Estelle Espressomaker? Way too frou-frou. I need some real American utensils, some working class heroes of the kitchen—I got it! *[shouting/*I'm calling out the "Gravyboat Veterans for Truth": Biff Burgerflipper, Gloria Cheesegrater, and Ted Turkeybaster—come out and help Baroof Obowwow! *[a parade of kitchen utensils enter]*

Dad, are you still pissing? Hurry up! *[Phil returns]*

PHIL

Ha! Obowwow's shit-scared—he's about to shit on the carpet, and for that I'll shove his snout in it!

DEL

Won't you ever stop being a grizzled old grouch? You even bite those Blue Dog Democrats! *[to Obowwow]* And you, can't you pull the tail from between your legs and stand up for yourself? Come on, boy, speak!

PHIL

Ha! Looks like the cat's got his tongue!

DEL

Typical democrat, more like a fraidy-cat—too afraid to bark back once they start nipping at the ankles. Stand aside—I'll mount your defense. Ahem,

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

Hounds of the heartland and the rest of you American heroes, it's not easy to speak on behalf of a dog who's in the doghouse, but I'll speak all the same. For Baroof Obowwow is a good dog, a very goood dog, and he keeps the Talibunnies at bay! They haven't attacked the cabbage patch since he's been around!

PHIL

Bah! I've heard he's in cahoots with the Talibunnies! Don't you think his little poodle puff looks like a cottontail?

DEL

Gimme a break! He's the top dog of his generation—graduated first in obedience school, then became a professor of leash-law. He out-Babed Babe on the sheep-herding circuit!

PHIL

What good is all that if this pig gobbles up my Gouda?

DEL

He stands guard, and keeps the mutts from shitting in your yard. Even if this pooch pinched your Parmesan, slice him some slack—he's not *really* an elitist, he never learned to play segway-polo.

PHIL

I wish he'd never learned to read and write—then he wouldn't have been able to forge his birth certificate.

DEL

Listen, daddy-dearest, give an ear to his supporters. These Gravyboat veterans for Truth might make you change your mind. Gloria Cheesegrater, please come up here. You're in charge of feeding the troops. Tell him: didn't you ration out the queso-in-question to those loyal hounds defending the home-front? She says it's the truth!

PHIL

She lies! I swear it by Joe Wilson's no-nonsense-ness!

DEL

Come on now, Pa, show some good Christian charity. Baroof Obowwow didn't have all the advantages that we've had. He grew up eating stale pizza crusts and never put his roots down in any town. This fido could only dream about having a father-figure half as good as you! This other dog's a no-good mutt.

He sits inside all day, barking at mirages in the window. He's a useless bag of bones who only wants attention—if you don't pet him when you pass by he'll chomp down on your ass real hard!

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

Oh my, can it be that my boy's actually starting to sound sensible? Something bad's coming over me, something taking the fear away—will I even sleep *without* a loaded gun under my pillow?

DEL

Papa, please! Have pity on him! And let's get Obowwow's puppy supporters up here. Come on and help, you whelps! Show the old man your merit badges, tell him how you help old bitches cross the street, recite the Pledge of Allegiance, *[aside to the pups]* and don't leave out the "under God".

PHIL

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

DEL

Okay, we'll stop, pop, as long as it's "uncle" you're crying.

PHIL

[sobbing] The sight of those patriotic little pups—they love this great land as much as I do! I don't know, was it sipping this hot tea that did it? Has it melted my defenses?

DEL

You're an Obowwow booster, then?

PHIL

Too soon to tell; talk to me in twenty-twelve.

DEL

Come on, dad, it's not so bad. Let's just pretend it's Election Day. Take this ballot and put your X next to Baroof Obowwow.

PHIL

No way! I ain't going to terrorist-fist bump him to a second term!

DEL

Here then, uh, let me help you vote against him.

PHIL

You're sure I'm voting against him?

DEL

Would I lie to you?

PHIL So long, Obowwow! Don't let the White House doggie door hit your ass on the way out!

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

DEL

Fooled him! He actually voted for Obowwow—and ACORN had nothing to do with it! Alright, dad, let's count the votes.

PHIL

Who won?

DEL

We'll know soon... It's Obowwow by a landslide! Dad! Dad! What's the matter? Somebody! Get some water—you okay, dad?

PHIL

Tell me the truth—is it really four more years of Obowwow?

DEL

I've got the audacity to hope so!

PHIL

So long, America!

DEL

Don't worry about it, dad. Let me help you up.

PHIL

What have I done! This tea party was a failure! Sarah Palin, how much did I need to pay you to show up and rally the troops? Now, four more years of that hopey-changeey stuff!

DEL

Don't sweat it, dad! I'm going to show you a good time—we'll take stimulus-funded public transportation to go party with Kanye and the Baldwin brothers. I promise you'll be snorting blow off of Ariana Huffington's cleavage! Live life now, dad, you're getting into your golden years. Nevermind about watching FOX News 24/7—they won't outfox you anymore. Now let's go inside.

PHIL Whatever you say, son. *[all exit]*

CHORUS

Later dudes, and enjoy where you're going!

As for you in this hall,

Heads up, for we're throwing

Advice worth receiving -

So don't drop the ball!

(For that would be what douches do,

Not fine Stanford types like you.)

SCIT TRANSLATION

So come on people, listen up, because the truth ain't pretty -
Our poet's got some beef with you: your attitude is shitty.
He says you've been mistreating him for all he's done for you.
For years he just helped other comic poets muddle through,
And, mimicking the songwriters up Brittney Spears's anus
He kept on shitting out the hits and helping them get famous.
But then he got his own damn Muse, and once he'd made the switch
To playing live, he really drove the hell out of that bitch.
But even though he's such a star, he hasn't lost his prudence -
He hasn't been out getting drunk or hooking up with students.
And if some lover just can't bear to see his boy-toy slandered,
And tries to censor us, though he's the pervert who philandered,
Our poet's never swayed by bribes or blows or threats of jail.
He's never swayed, for he's high-brow - his Muse is not for sale.
And from the start, he never wasted time with pointless railin'
But set his sights on bigger prey, like hunting Sarah Palin.
Or taking down Glen Beck, who, teary-eyed, misleads his herd,
While Fox-news suck-ups float around like flies around a turd.
His voice is loud, his bearing proud, his views are quite untrammelled;
He smells of seals, and unwashed balls; his ass is like a camel's.
Our poet when he saw these terrors did not shy away;
But took up arms for your folks' sake, and fights again today.
Last year he took on Faculty, those creeps with a vocation
To spout hot air, corrupt our young, and teach them deconstruction -
A gang so full of atheists, Marxists and baby-rapers
That you all called the INS to check those bastards' papers.
This is the man who has stepped up to be our nation's champion,
But last year, by our second show, you'd already betrayed him.
He sowed so many good ideas like seeds among the grass stems,
But they all withered on the branch because you failed to grasp them.
Despite all that, our poet swears by beer and Jaysus H. Christ,
When all is said and done, you've never had a better playwright.
And that you couldn't catch his drift just shows that you're dumbasses,
And doesn't hurt his stock among the literary classes.
He must admit that last year's jokes could be over-aggressive -
But now he knows to check his facts before being transgressive.

In the future, fellow students,
Love and honour those of you
Who to find and speak some new thought
Toil and toss the whole night through.

This year, pluck our poet's sayings
Pluck and hold them, like ripe fruit,
When you have to travel onwards;
Pack them in your suitcase too.

Take them out when you are ready,

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

And wherever life takes you,
Make your own way in smart clothing,
Smelling *right* the whole year through.

[Following this speech, the chorus splits into two]

FIRST HALF-CHORUS *[to the tune of 'The Ballad of the Green Beret']*

Long ago, we were the brave,
Never deigning to be slaves,
Golden stripes upon our chests
We hardy wasps, were America's best.

But now we're old, and growing frail,
We bend our heads to fortune's hail.
These silver hairs grow on our heads.
Some of our comrades are now dead.

LONE CHORUS MEMBER

But better dead, than to be gay
And living life the unmanly way.
We must rise up, restore our pride,
To stop our sons flouncing like brides. *(everyone shhhs)*

LEADER OF THE FIRST HALF-CHORUS

If any of you is confused about our waspish torsos,
Or wants to ask us why we wield these sharp and poisoned dildos,
Here's the story: we who wear these special pointed bums
Are the only native true-born, real American ones.
We're the ones who took up arms when the British were coming;
And, though they tried to smoke us out, we got those redcoats running.
We seized our arms and gathered close and stood shoulder to shoulder,
And fought like men, screaming our rage, and drunk with righteous anger.
Then finally, as evening came, God set those Brits to flying;
And looking up in God's blue sky, we heard an eagle crying.
And as they fled we kept on stabbing at their bums and flanks;
And so they learned, and still know now, to fear us waspish Yanks.

SECOND HALF CHORUS *[to the tune of 'The Ballad of the Green Beret']*

Way back then, we were still strong.
Marching out to freedom's song.
Raising up and dumping tea,
Taking the fight to tyranny.

Back in those days, we weren't misled
By fox-news, and its talking heads
We kept our families from harm,
And settled scores by strength of arm.

SCIT TRANSLATION

That's how we set our country free
And laid the ground for liberty.
But now we work, and all our cash,
Just keeps our corporate fat-cats fat.

LEADER OF THE SECOND HALF-CHORUS

I have to say that nobody is more like wasps than we,
Since no-one, when you mess with them, reacts more angrily.
We gather up in theatre-clubs, a poor excuse for snogging,
And later go back to our rooms for ineffective blogging.
Our useless politicians, though, prefer to live off freebies,
Remaining glued like grubs in cells to Fox News on their TVs.
They're the drones, you see, that whiny tax-devouring throng,
Who make no money, eat our honey, and lack a manly shlong.
And that's what really stings, to see these bugs who never fought
Live honeyed lives and profit from the pollen that we got.
Among the hives of bail-out cheats let this decree be sent out:
All those without a proper cock shall not receive their hand-outs.

ACT V

[Phil and Del return, struggling together]

PHIL

You will take this jacket off over my dead body! It saved my ass back in Nam,
when Charlie and the tropical rain waged war against us.

DEL

You just don't like having anything nice done for you.

PHIL

Because it never turns out right! Once I stuffed myself silly on bean burritos,
but afterwards had to pay the dry cleaner \$20 to clean my shirt. And
underwear.

DEL

Just try it on. You have entrusted your affairs to me, after all. And we can't
have you wearing *that* to this party.

PHIL

What do you want me to do?

DEL

Throw away that ratty old thing, and put on this snazzy suit and tie.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

PHIL
OK, OK.

[Phil takes off his jacket and, mumbling, puts on oxford shirt. Del O'Cleon starts to put on the tie]

PHIL
Too tight! Too tight! Why do we produce and raise children, when this one just wants to choke my throat?

DEL
Just take this and stop acting like a fool.

PHIL:
What the hell-ass balls is this?

DEL
It's an Armani suit. Un Vestito.

PHIL
This doesn't look like a hunting vest!

DEL
It's no wonder you're surprised- you've never been to Milan. You would have recognized it if you had.

PHIL
Like hell I don't recognize it! It looks like a goddamn mother penguin.

DEL
No it doesn't- it was woven in Italy.

PHIL
Penguins don't migrate to Italy! It's all intelligent design- God only makes them march 70 miles to screw each other.

DEL
What are you talking about? This is stitched at great expense in Campanian sweatshops. It costs about \$1,500.

PHIL
At that price, it sounds more like a Las Vegas hotel *suite* than a suit.

DEL
Take it. *[Phil O'Cleon struggles to get into the jacket]* And hold still as I put it on.

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

Good grief! I think the silk worms are belching hot air!

DEL

Just put it on.

PHIL

Like hell I will.

DEL

But, father...

PHIL

Might as well put me in an oven!

DEL

That's it- I'll get you dressed, whether you like it or not.

PHIL

Put the Jaws of Life nearby.

DEL

Why?

PHIL

So they can pull me out of this mess.

DEL

Ok now, take off those god-awful shoes. Hurry and get into these Pradas.

PHIL

Prada? Aren't those the shoes the pope wears?

DEL

Yeah? Why?

PHIL

I have a very Protestant big toe.

DEL

Just put it in there, go and push down into the sole.

PHIL

I will never sell my soul to some shoes!

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

DEL

There! Now the other.

PHIL

The devil wears Prada!

DEL

You don't have a choice.

PHIL

Then I'm screwed. I won't have a single blister to complain about in my old age.

DEL

Just move it and put it on. There! Now step out [*Phil O'Cleon starts taking baby steps*] and walk like you have money, with a swagger.

PHIL

OK. Watch how I walk, and see which celebrity I look like.

DEL

You look like somebody who's constipated.

PHIL

But I am really trying to swagger and shine!

DEL

Ok then, do you know any good stories for the educated and upscale people who'll be at the party?

PHIL

Of course!

DEL

Tell me one.

PHIL

I got lots of them. How President Hennessy once farted into the intercom during a talk, and how Rumsfield one time after a cocktail party got a hold of Condi and...

DEL

Ack! No gossip! Stories with contemporary interest, sophisticated New Yorker stuff.

PHIL

SCIT TRANSLATION

Well I know one about New England: "There once was a man from Nantucket..."

DEL

No, you hack!- *[realizing his error]* I mean, as Andrew Lloyd Weber said about Britney Spears. Do you really intend to recite limericks to the liberal elite?

PHIL

What type of stories should I tell?

DEL

Impressive ones, like how you won a medal of honor.

PHIL

I never won a medal of honor- all I got from Nam was a dog tag and genital warts.

DEL

Well then, why don't you talk about the time you sat next to Beyonce on a plane? Tell everybody how gorgeous she looked, just like in the music videos?

PHIL

What do you mean? It was awful! Every time she got up, her enormous ass knocked over my free drink! And when I politely called her attention to it, she issued a restraining order against me!

DEL

That's what well-off people talk about. What about this? If you were sipping champagne with strangers, what would you say is the bravest thing you did as a child?

PHIL

[pausing to think for a moment...] I know, I know. The bravest of my deeds was to steal an apple pie from Mrs. Johnson's window, right under her nose!

DEL

You're killing me. Pies? Tell how you saved baby birds orphaned in a tree or something like that. Something that shows your initiative.

PHIL

How's this for initiative? When I was a young buck, I once outboxed Mike Tyson- in a third-grade spelling bee.

DEL

Stop! Come over here and sit at the table, and learn to eat like a gentleman and a scholar.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

PHIL

What's the proper way to sit? Tell me.

DEL

Err, comfortably?

PHIL

Like this? *[Phil sits slouched over, napkin tucked into his collar, his tie thrown over his shoulder, and his feet on the table]*

DEL

Not at all!

PHIL

How then?

DEL

Sit straight up, plant feet on the ground, napkin in the lap. Then praise the paintings, gawk at the ceiling, marvel at the color of the curtains. OK, the tables are being served, now we are eating and drinking. *[Phil O'Clean looks excited]*. Now they are being cleaned up.

PHIL

For God's sake, are we eating phantom food?

DEL

Now it's after dinner. Miles Davis is playing, time for the party games. Your companions are all well educated and tasteful people -- make sure you play nice.

PHIL

Games? Great. I got more game than Tiger Woods playing with a bunch of lingerie models.

DEL

We'll see about that. Let's try Scattergories. You play like this: when I roll the dice, a letter pops up. For each category listed, you have to write a word that begins with the letter you rolled before the buzzer goes off. Let's roll the dice: good- you got an M. Let's do some examples. What is something that you ride?

PHIL

Your Mama.

DEL

Reason to quit your job?

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL
Methlab.

DEL
Thing you find at a school?

PHIL
MILFS

DEL
Foreign flicks?

PHIL
Kate Moss- I would lick her moss dry.

DEL
I said foreign FL-icks

PHIL
Oh then, I don't know- I only watch American.

DEL
OK then, something you find in Silicon Valley?

PHIL
Metrosexuals.

DEL
What's a reason for being late?

PHIL
Masturbating.

DEL
Thing you save up for?

PHIL
Mobile home.

DEL
Something you can stain?

PHIL
Monica Lewinsky.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

DEL

DVD that you own?

PHIL

Dial M for Midget. That will be two points.

DEL

That's not a real movie- *[Phil coughs loudly and holds up the DVD]* Well, okay then, two points. Why don't we try another game. This is called Pictionary- you choose a card, and you have to draw what's on the card on the board over here. The other people on your team have to guess what the word on your card is from your drawing. I'll be on your team this time- choose a card and draw.

[Phil O'Cleon draws a card, and starts drawing two parallel vertical lines.]

DEL

Parallel! Something more? *[Phil loops one side of the parallel lines.]*

Subway? Bullet train? Nose! Pinochhio? Shaft? Rod?

[Phil draws a loop underneath] Gun! Rifle! AK47? Wand! Harry Potter?

[Phil draws another loop underneath] Handlebar?

[As Phil adds the pubic hair, it dawns on Del that it is a penis. He is clearly uncomfortable with the fact.] Ummmm.. a penis? Testicles? An erection?

[Phil adds further loving details] Genitalia? ENGORGED genitalia?

Tumescence? TURGID tumescence?

[Phil adds drops of liquid spilling out the top] Ummmm.... ejaculation?

Orgasm? Pleasure? *[Phil continues drawing, Del becomes more and more flustered]* OK I give up,

PHIL

Semen, you fool! For somebody good with computers, you ain't too bright!

DEL

Semen? That's actually a word Hasbro printed on a card? I don't believe it.

PHIL

Of course it is, you fool. *[Phil sarcastically writes the word up on the board]*

S-E-A-M-A-N See! Semen!

DEL

[Grabs his head as if in visible pain, trying to get himself under control.

Eventually he manages to control his anger.] Well you seem to know how to play reasonably well. Let's go to the Covington-Fordham's party. *[aside to Jerry and Ziggy who've emerged on stage]* Bring the whiskey. I need a stiff drink if I'm going to get through the night. *[all exit]*

[Chorus enters]

SCIT TRANSLATION

CHORUS

[sung to the tune of "Telephone" by Lady Gaga]

Hey, all of you politicians and you pundits,
We don't want to listen to your damn invective.
Your rhetoric is poison and its making people sick,
Retract your claws, call off your dogs, and try to get this:

Instead of riling people up and calling them to arms,
Let's all work a little on our basic social charms.
We bet that you could find a better use for your lungs--
We know that you could find a better use for your tongues!

Stop fighting, stop inciting, we don't want to hear anymore,
Just grab a drink, and let loose on the dance floor.
Stop jeering, stop smearing, we don't want to hear anymore,
Just grab a drink, and let loose on the dance floor.

ACT VI

[Jerry enters, limping]

JERRY

Sometimes, sometimes I wish I were a turtle. They're covered from calamity on every side, turtles in their half-shell. As it stands, I'm fucked, tripped up by the old man's cane.

CHORUS LEADER

What, bitch? And it doesn't even matter if you're a dude--you get your ass kicked? We call you a bitch.

JERRY

The old man is a disaster! He managed to be the drunkest person at the party, even though Kanye West, Robert Downey Jr., and both Olsen twins were in the room! But he, HE was the worst! As soon as he'd had his hors d'oeuvres and a drink, then another drink, and another and another, he started screaming, farting, cat calling, jumping around, jumping around, he jumped up, jumped up and got down. Just like a donkey that's had its barley (as they say in Greece)!

He beat me up--the man was high as shit--and he called me a bitch! Zach Galifianakis saw that and said "Old Dude, you look like a Mexican sex-show". And the old man screamed back "duuuuuuuude, you look like you should take a shower". Everyone was all "no he DIDN'T!" And then there was old Bill Murray, sitting in a corner, smirking like he always does. So the old man asked him "really, who do you think you are, too cool for school, Peter Venkman, Mr. Ghost Buster!" And so it went, back and forth, he insulted everyone in turn, like a hill-billy at the opera. And when he'd had a few more rounds, he made his way home, stumbling, and sucker-punched every second

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

person he saw. Here he comes, the drunken brawler; I'm getting out of here, before he gets his hands on ME! *[Jerry exits]*

[Phil enters, holding a bottle of champagne and accompanied by a stripper. Both Phil and the stripper are very drunk. Phil sings (loosely) to the tune of 'Eye of the Tiger']

PHIL

Move! Outta my way!

Out'a ma way

Some people back there

they're gonna be really sorry

through this champagne bottle

in my hand, gonna chase

them all done, make them bleed

[A Victim enters, visibly beaten up and angry]

VICTIM

Don't think you can get away with this! You'll pay, tomorrow, or the next day, or the next, even if you're a juvie. I'll see you behind bars!

PHIL

[by now singing the to the tune of chorus to 'Eye of the Tiger']

I hate

protests, tea-partiers, I detest all this fight

How I love

partying, alcohol and ba-abes,

please bring

Crystal and let's go pop champagnes through the night,

we intellectuals need fun to grease the wheels

in our brai-ains.

Right this way, my pretty blonde bimbo. Go ahead and turn this knob, whoops! Be careful! It's a little rusty and could use some greasing.

Ha, did you see my skill? How I got you away from the party before those dicks got completely coked up and started asking for blowjobs. And because of that, you owe me one, sweetie. Ah, but I know your kind-you're a tease, instead of leaping onto my penis, like you ought to, you're gonna take me for a ride, like all the others. But... if you're a nice girl... as soon as my son is dead, I'll marry you, and all of THIS could be yours, ma lil' Coochie. As it stands, I'm not in charge of it: I'm just a kid, still a minor, and my son watches over me. The curmudgeon, he's sooooooooooooooooooooo boring. He worries I'll be corrupted, his only father. Oh, here he comes! It looks like he's chasing after us. Here hold this (*hands champagne over*), I'm going to prank him just like he used to prank me every Halloween.

SCIT TRANSLATION

DEL

You stupid pussy-chaser. You look like you're about to get laid.. six feet under. There is NO way you're getting away with this.

PHIL

Hey, don't you try to regulate me! I've got my rights! I do what I want!

DEL

You kidnapped a stripper!

PHIL

What stripper? What are you talking about?!

DEL

Jesus, this is her right here!

PHIL

[pointing to the champagne bottle which the stripper is attempting to hide behind] No sir, it's a big ol' champagne bottle.

DEL

This? Is a champagne bottle? (pointing at the girl)

PHIL

Ohhhhhhh yeah. Are you not seeing these lips?

DEL

Jesus, but what about THOSE lips?

PHIL

You can drink from that end, too.

DEL

And back here? Isn't that an asshole?

PHIL

Yeah, I fucked it.

DEL

Okay, I've heard enough. *[gesturing to the stripper]* Come here.

PHIL

What? Where are you taking her?

DEL

Away from you. Because you're drunk, and you're old, and quite frankly, I don't think you can satisfy her needs.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

PHIL

Listen. When Rocky Balboa made his great comeback a few years ago, even though he was over sixty, and he was on the ropes, and getting beaten senseless by a younger boxer. He didn't give up. Suddenly he landed a left, a right, left, right, left and knocked the younger man right down! The lesson? Watch out for black eyes.

DEL

Wow, you learned that lesson well.

[Enter a Priest followed by a Lawyer]

PRIEST

Come with me *[gesturing to the Lawyer]*. That's the guy! He's the one who was defacing the church, spraying vile things on the outside. And he hit me with a champagne bottle!

DEL

A church, dad, really? You graffitied a church?! Now we've got a lawsuit on our hands, all because of your over-indulgence!

PHIL

No problem! Some quick talking will take care of this.

PRIEST

Ohhhhh no! No amount of sweet-talking will save you from this!

PHIL

Look, man. I'm gonna tell you a story that's gonna rock your world.

PRIEST

Silence, buffoon.

PHIL

Richard Pryor was on his way home from a party once. On the way home, a dog starts to bark at him. Now, this bitch was loud, aggressive and probably a little bit drunk. So he turns to her and says, "Bitch! You should trade that dirty mouth of yours for something useful, like a--spatula".

PRIEST

Well I never! Who do you think you are? I'm calling the police! And, I've already got my lawyer handy!

PHIL

No no, wait! Just listen, and tell me if this makes sense... remember when Biggie and Tupac were beefing? Someone asked Tupac about it, and HE said the following memorable words: "you better shut the fuck up before you get

SCIT TRANSLATION

smacked the fuck up”.

PRIEST

Ohhhh, a wise-guy, eh??

[Priest and Lawyer exit]

DEL

Oh my. There's another one coming. And he's got a tea-partier with him.

[Enter Iraq War Veteran, accompanied by a Tea-Partier]

VET

Oh gawd! This is AWFUL! There! He's the one who did it!

DEL

You assaulted a vet? *[turning to the vet]* Oh please, don't call your tea-party friends! Christ, I'll give you any amount of money you ask for... I went to so much trouble to get rid of these shenanigans!

PHIL

No, no. I'm proud of what I did. I punched him and threw my champagne bottle at him. He's a filthy, murdering army veteran! That's how we liberals do, right?

CHORUS

Nooooooooo!

PHIL

[speaking to the vet] Come here, let me make you an offer you can't refuse, then we can be friends after.

DEL

Well, say it. I could do without the negative publicity.

PHIL

Instead of hiring a repair guy, a man from Los Altos once tried to fix his own front door and nailed his hand to the frame. You see, he was inexperienced in carpentry. Now, a friend of his saw this and said: "each man should practice the trade he knows". So from this, we can conclude: you should go to a doctor to get stitched up.

DEL

Oh shit, here he goes again.

VET

My friend is taking notes on your behavior! We're going to demonstrate outside your house!

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

PHIL

Look, don't go. Check it out. A woman from Los Altos once broke a pot.

VET

[to Tea-partier] Take notes!

PHIL

So the pot brought a tea-kettle along to take notes. And the woman said: "Why the heck are you bringing a kettle along to protect you? You're a frigging pot".

TEA-PARTIER

We're going to expose you for the depraved socialists you are!

[Tea-Partier and Vet exit]

DEL

Ok, you're not staying out anymore. I'm bringing you inside!

PHIL

What are you doing?

DEL

I'm gonna lock you inside, again! You just can't stop attracting tea-partiers!

PHIL

Look, once upon a time, Richard Pryor--

DEL

You better shut the fuck up before you get smacked the fuck up!

PHIL

He was accused of being sexist and racist. So he told them to--

DEL

SHUT UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUP PEOPLE ARE LISTENING

[Del drags Phil inside]

CHORUS

[sung to the tune of It's Raining Men by the Weather Girls]

I envy your good fortune / The pleasures you will taste.
The swinging hipster parties / The ass you're gonna chase.
Fuck those old grizzly habits,
Toss your Glenn gear away.
We know it's hard to change for good,
But if you do we know you'll say

SCIT TRANSLATION

*This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet (hey-hey)
Come try the soft life, come plunge in head first,
Work it till you're 'bout to burst.
This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet -- look around and see:
Slick clothes, hot hoes,
Wine and dine and drink and pose!*

God bless Del O'Cleon, who could be a better son?
He showed us the good life, he's the best of all the young.
He turned us from grizzlies, into pleasure-loving wasps,
Here for heavy petting, now we've lost our killer claws.

*This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet (hey-hey)
Come try the soft life, come plunge in head first,
Work it till you're 'bout to burst.
This life is sweet, hallelujah, this life is sweet -- look around and see:
Slick clothes, hot hoes,
Wine and dine and drink and pose!*

[Jerry runs on stage]

Jerry: This is crazy, crazy I tell you! The things that are happening in this house! It's one big crazy house!!! The old man HAD been sober and straight-laced for so long that he's now obsessed with it all. He's been playing records all night -- he's been playing nothing but old skool hip-hop. And he's been looking back at his days as a b-boy. He says his moves would still put anyone of these new crews to shame.

[Phil enters]

PHIL
Hark! Who's there?

JERRY
There he is, there's the bad dude.

PHIL
Unlock this door, and check out my moves!

PHIL
He's beginning to go insane.

PHIL
... To start it off, now just roll your hips. Move your neck and let your backbone slip.

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

JERRY

Have you taken your meds?

PHIL

Grand Master Flash a-gets down like a rooster!

JERRY

Hey now!

PHIL

Check out this rocket, it don't need no booster.

JERRY

Watch yourself!

PHIL

Because now my hip joints spin like a record.... *[pauses]* I got nothing. But wasn't it great?

JERRY

No way dude. That was demented.

PHIL

What? Bring it! I'm making a general announcement here! I challenge all y'all. Any breakdancer who claims to be down like this, step in the ring, motherfucker! Anyone out there? No?

JERRY

Just that guy over there.

[A spotlight falls on an Article of the Constitution, leaning against a light pole with its arms crossed]

PHIL

Who's that??

JERRY

Oh shit! It's the first amendment of the constitution!

PHIL

Amendment? More like a post-it note!

JERRY

He's the short one in the family. But he's got serious bite.

SCIT TRANSLATION

PHIL

Ha, I'll eat him raw. I'll destroy him with a shake of my hip. I got the beat.

JERRY

Awwww, you sorry sucker, here comes another amendment. It's the second!
And he's packing.

[Enter second amendment, cocking a Glock 9mm pistol]

PHIL

Then it's a double treat!

JERRY

No it's not. You're taking on three amendments, because now the twenty-first is on the way!

[The amendment, a little disheveled, takes a huge drink from his rum bottle -- which he continues to do periodically]

PHIL

What a charming family! Right, no more talking, let's get it on! Jerry, rev up the paper shredder.

CHORUS LEADER

Alright, make a circle! Has someone got a box to do this on? Get back!

[Enter James Madison]

JAMES MADISON

I said a hip hop, the hippie, the hippie
to the hip hip hop, a you dont stop
the rock it to the bang bang boogie say up jumped the boogie
to the rhythm of the boogie, the beat.

Now what you see are amendments--they're dancin' to the beat.
Me, I'm James Madison and I'm here to move your feet.
Hands up in the air, and that's the way it goes--
for the flag, for the white, the red, and the blue, as everybody knows.

But first i gotta bang bang the boogie to the boogie,
say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie,
let's rock, you dont stop
rock the riddle that will make your body rock.
[Thomas Jefferson enters]

Well so far you've heard my voice but i brought a friend along
and next on the mike is Jefferson, come on Tom, sing that song!

THE WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES

THOMAS JEFFERSON

We are founding fathers, and we're down with slavery -
but this is not a test, a-we want free colonies.

Now hold on to your rights, and those of your fellows -
fight fight fight oppression, and that's the way it goes!

We're down with free markets, but not with anarchy -
say up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie,

let's rock, you dont stop,

rock the riddle that will make your body rock.

Well, now, audience, so far you've heard my beatz -
get get up from your chair, go dancin' in the streetz!

(Fin)